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NOTES OF THE WEEK

A GOVERNMENT headed by the imposing trinity of ex-Prime Ministers, Painlevé, Briand, and Caillaux, has taken office in Paris. That the last two politicians should have been induced to join the same Government is still a matter for wonderment. It is not long since M. Briand was denouncing M. Caillaux as a plutocrat-demagogue, and M. Caillaux warning the French people against the soporific charm of M. Briand's eloquence; while on Tuesday an enterprising deputy read out to the Chamber an attack by M. Painlevé upon his present Foreign Minister, declaring that so long as Aristide Briand was in power the public life of France would be unclean. A long life for so strained a Coalition can hardly be predicted. The new Government has, however, for the present an adequate majority in the Chamber, all the supporters of M. Herriot with the exception of an odd dozen of M. Loucheur's followers having rallied to

its support. A vote of confidence was accorded to it by 304 to 218 voices, while M. Herriot was successful as Government candidate for the Presidency of the Chamber.

M. PAINLEVÉ'S DECLARATION

The Ministerial Declaration of M. Painlevé is an interesting, in some respects a curious, document. One might have thought that M. Painlevé, a high-minded idealist, but hardly, during his three months of office in 1917, a successful war-time Minister, would have refrained from undertaking to tackle present problems "with the same energy as that shown on the field of battle." With M. Caillaux in his Cabinet, incarnating, whether justly or not, the Peace-at-any-price principle, in the eyes of the great majority of Frenchmen, the evocation of military memories is almost inconceivable. Beyond this the declaration is remarkable: (1) For its frank confession that the Reparations Policy of France after the war had been disastrous; (2) for its marked emphasis on the League of Nations as the best hope for the reconciliation of Europe

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"without which our civilization threatens to go under"; (3) for its dark depiction of the financial position of France, without any positive proposals for remedying it, though with plenteous undertakings to do so; (4) for its open abandonment of the rigid anti-clerical policy pursued by M. Herriot. The last point is doubtless connected with the somewhat unnatural rapprochement reported to be proceeding between M. Joseph Caillaux and some dignitaries of the Catholic Church.

HINDENBURG AND MARX

Marshal von Hindenburg's one and only electioneering speech, delivered in Hanover on Saturday last, must have been a disappointment to such of his followers as expected an utterance in the good old style of Army Field Orders. The aged Marshal addressed himself almost exclusively to the representatives of the Foreign Press, who were present in large numbers. "As President," he assured them, "my sole task would be to do my best for my country on the basis of the existing Constitution and of Germany's present situation in the world." His practical political aims were the peaceful renovation of Germany and peaceful co-operation in world development. He sought for Germany no more than what Herr Marx sought, namely, the restoration of her full sovereignty and of her due place among the peoples of the world. It is of real interest and importance that Germany's greatest newspaper, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, though stiffly opposed to Hindenburg's candidature, should comment: "We do not for a moment doubt that these assurances are honestly meant, and hope that Europe will accept them as a genuine profession at least on the part of the Marshal himself." It is our belief that Dr. Marx will emerge successfully from next Sunday's struggles (betting on the Berlin Bourse is three to one against the Marshal). Such is also our earnest hope. But we see no reason to dismiss Hindenburg's statements as mere bluff. That his partisans should allow him to make such a speech is a good sign.

THE BULGARIAN ATROCITIES

The appalling sequence of events in the Bulgarian capital since we last wrote has been as follows: *April 13*. Attempted assassination of the King on the outskirts of Sofia by armed persons ambushed on either side of the road. Two of the King's companions killed. *April 15*. General Georgieff assassinated in Sofia. *April 17*. A bomb exploded in the Cathedral during his funeral, causing the dome to crash in and kill 200 persons, including nine generals and four deputies, injuring also a number of Cabinet Ministers. *April 18-19*. Official and popular reprisals against the alleged instigators of the crime, leading to what Governmental communiqués term "regrettable excesses." *April 19*. Communist leader Yankoff murdered. This dreadful list would be very much larger if one began with the murder of Stambulisky in Spring, 1923, since when hardly a month has passed without some political atrocity. The unique feature of last week's occurrences was that apparently the attempted murder of the King and the effective murder of General Georgieff were compassed simply with the design of collecting the principal personages of the Zankoff régime in Sofia

Cathedral and exterminating them at one blow. We discuss the real meaning of the crime in a leading article.

EVEN IN A SHELTERED BUSINESS

The decision forced upon one of the great railways in this country last week should sober the most reckless Trade Unionist. For here in a sheltered business, having nothing to fear from foreign competition, it has become necessary to dismiss men because the business cannot bear the wage charges and is unable, on account of Trade Union opposition, to modify them. If such is the state of affairs in a sheltered concern, what hope can there be of the continuance of employment on high wages in those businesses which are fully exposed to the competition of foreign rivals working longer hours, paying lower wages, and enjoying State subsidies or cheap supplies of material? Yet most of the men's leaders in this country persist in demands which could hardly be conceded if all were well in England, and which would now mean ruin.

INCOME-TAX AT THE SOURCE

There is much to be said for the deduction of income-tax at the source. It would save a great deal of the cost of collection, thus either giving the State a larger true yield or enabling it to lower the tax without corresponding loss. It would minimize evasion. It would mitigate the wrath with which most people think of their income-tax, for what is deducted before receipt is much less felt than what has to be paid out of the pocket. No doubt, there are difficulties. Certain classes of taxpayers cannot well be taxed at the various and vague sources of their incomes without a good deal of ingenuity. But the thing is well worth trying, and we hope has received the consideration of Mr. Churchill.

WASTING THE POLICE

This country now spends very nearly twenty million sterling annually on the Police as against only eight million before the war. Crime, though declining under certain heads, reached a total of offences last year substantially higher than has ever been recorded, and it is remarked in the just-published official report that there was a peculiarly disquieting increase in the type of crime hitherto regarded as characteristic of societies much younger and less settled than ours. But how are we employing our Police? In checking crime properly so called? By no means, except in so far as there may be leisure for that in the intervals of directing traffic, trapping motorists, guarding against the spread of cattle disease, and, much the silliest waste of all, preventing people from drinking after hours in night clubs where the price of liquor is a stronger deterrent than any Police activity can supply. When is this misuse of the Police to end?

CRIME AND PUBLICITY

Thanks to the enterprise of one or two "dailies," but still more to that of a notorious Sunday paper, there is no young man to-day in this island who does not know what to do with a young woman whose affection has become inconvenient. The moment that a young man feels fatigued, he has only to remember what he has read of the methods

of celebrated persons similarly bored and to apply those methods to his own encumbrance. In the old days, he would have simply broken off an engagement or a liaison, bearing as best he might the reproaches of his acquaintances. But the new respectability forbids conduct so lowering to his reputation, and after reference to a few Press cuttings, he proceeds to carve the lady up and to wonder where she can be or to wear mourning for her. And this we owe to a section of the Press which is nevertheless accused of being uninformative and without real influence on our social life.

THE THORNE CASE

We do not suppose one per cent. of those who have carefully followed the Thorne case feel the slightest doubt of the correctness of the jury's verdict. Full knowledge of what happened on the night when Elsie Cameron died can never be had, but every action of Thorne's was such as would be expected from a guilty man. Nevertheless, there has been criticism, and from a legal journal which cannot be brushed aside, of the decision of the Higher Court against a review of the technical evidence in the case. Since it is necessary not only to be but to seem just, that refusal may be in some degree regretted even by those who are thoroughly convinced of Thorne's guilt. And there is something else that must be more widely regretted, the alleged withholding of letters written by Thorne which did not comply with the regulations. The condemned cell is not precisely the place to stimulate a nice regard for the etiquette of correspondence under official supervision.

THREATS TO THE COUNTRYSIDE

A good deal of attention has been directed lately, in our own columns as well as in our contemporaries', to the question of the town's encroachment on the country. It is well that this matter should exercise our minds before the profanation of the English countryside has proceeded further. There is much point in Professor Adshead's letter to *The Times* last Tuesday, protesting against the proposal to construct special motor tracks from London to Brighton, Portsmouth and Southampton. Professor Adshead asks pertinently whether such roads are necessary, "having regard to the well-considered system of national roads that is being rapidly developed." In our opinion there is certainly no need for them nearly pressing enough to justify the disfigurement of the counties that would result from their construction. Where Professor Adshead finally explodes the scheme is in pointing out its ultimate result. We quote his own words:

And what are the advantages? A few swift cars will be enabled to rush to Brighton perhaps half-an-hour quicker than they could by the public way: special lines of fast-running public vehicles, which will in the end be nothing more than slow railways, will assist in converting agricultural land into building land; and the spread of the urban population which follows the making of a railway will be emphasized, only in a much more destructive way.

That is a vital point. We give prominence to this matter because we consider the preservation, so far as is possible, of our rural amenities and our agricultural areas to be of prime importance to our urban populations.

CLOTHES AND FOREIGN COMPETITION

We have not for the past two weeks made any reference to the question of foreign competition in

the dressmaking trade, to which we drew attention in several previous issues. This does not imply that we have said all that there is to be said on the subject, or all that we mean to say. That is very far from the fact. We are still engaged in inquiring into the matter and gathering further information, and we shall return to it in these columns ere long.

PEACEFUL PENETRATION

Sir Charles Higham, who should know, has been telling the world how peace may be secured by advertising. What the League of Nations requires, he says in effect, is a live publicity agent, who shall explain the dry and tangled details of international commitments and inculcate a peaceful attitude of mind with snappy "pars." Propaganda was called in successfully to aid the winning of the war; why not, then, the winning of the peace? There is something in what he says; we are far from denying the efficacy of advertising both in peace and war. But the methods employed in the war were not always over scrupulous, and there are those, who do not believe the end justifies the means, who might be prepared to risk another war rather than avoid it by resort to such methods.

A WORD TO LORD READING

ALMOST alone among Viceroy—Lord Curzon in the interval between two terms in India being the only other exception—Lord Reading has been allowed the opportunity of standing back from his work to look at it critically while it is as yet incomplete. He needs such an opportunity far more than Lord Curzon did. For whereas that great Viceroy could doubt only when he mused over methods, the purpose of his labours being perfectly clear alike to himself and to the public here and in India, Lord Reading must ask himself, in this brief pause, whether the task to which his ability and energy have been devoted is, in truth, capable of execution. There are those here, as well as in India, who will assure him that all such doubts are unworthy. He will be informed that there is something peculiarly glorious in breaking down that which Lord Curzon and others among his predecessors earnestly sought to build up, and that the laurels of the conqueror are as nothing to those which two grateful countries, the one robbed of an Empire, and the other of peace and order, will bind on the brow of a supervisor of surrender. It will be explained to him that *hara-kiri* by the British Services in India is so far from being incompatible with the survival of British ideals in that country as to be, in truth, the condition of it. But we hope that the doubt which must be in Lord Reading's mind will persist and develop, and that the imperfectly idealistic intelligence of Lord Birkenhead will encourage a cool review of the whole Indian situation, of the whole of that fantastic and hazardous experiment to which Mr. Montagu committed us when the nation was hypnotized by phrases about "self-determination."

There are two great questions which Lord Reading and Lord Birkenhead must put to themselves. One is that which is raised by the collapse

of recruiting for the Services, the other is that raised by the collapse of the new Indian Constitution wherever and whenever it is not supported by the very arbitrary power which it was designed to render obsolete. As to recruitment, the first thing is to clear our minds of cant. Young men of a certain type can be persuaded to go out to India as missionaries of the new faith, according to which the whole duty of the Englishman is to make himself superfluous wherever his ancestors made themselves indispensable. But the annually available supply of self-sacrificing prigs is limited, and the normally constituted young Englishman is not incited to enter a service by being informed that its functions will be progressively narrowed and that the climax of his career will be that moment, which he must strive to hasten, when he is discarded. We really must desist from perorations about the glorious new opportunities offered by India to recruits, and look facts in the face. The plain truth is that India has now ceased to provide a life-long career of the kind desired by the average young Englishman. Neither the Secretary of State nor the Viceroy can give a recruit to-day any assurance regarding the future, except in regard to salary and pension. No young man in his senses will be eager to enter a service the conditions in which five, ten, or fifteen years hence may be utterly different and quite intolerable. There is only one remedy, short of a complete return to the old administrative system, and that is one which would frankly make India an episode in the career of the recruit.

Were this decided upon, every Englishman recruited for the I.C.S. and certain other services would be bound to put in, say, ten or twelve years in India, and thereafter would be given the option of exchanging into the Colonial Civil Service or into certain branches of the Home Civil Service. Those who did not exercise the option would doubtless be too few in number to meet the need for senior officials in India, but that difficulty might in part be met by allowing and encouraging voluntary reversion to Indian work in definite posts for a specified period. Administrative efficiency would suffer, but much less than it will if British recruitment dies out, as it is now threatening to do. Recruits would feel that in choosing an Indian career they were not tying themselves for their whole working lives to that country, and would be much more willing to take the diminished risk. The Colonial Services would hardly have much cause for complaint, since their members would be given some chance of Indian experience on better salaries. The India Office would gain by having in it men with first-hand knowledge of India. And the Indian politician, made aware that the harassed bureaucrat had a way of escape, might learn to moderate his criticism of British officials in India. But, however all this might fall out, at least the system would supply India with the British recruits she needs and is no longer getting. At least it would overcome the initial repugnance of young Englishmen to gamble on the future of India; and since that country seizes the imagination of almost all who have got to know it, the number of those who would quit Indian service once they had entered it might not, after all, be large.

It is much harder to suggest any remedy for the evils resulting from the crazy constitutional experi-

ment of 1919. That the characteristic feature of the new system, diarchy, should now disappear is plain to almost all unprejudiced observers. On the other hand, hopes have been raised which it would be harsh, and might be dangerous, to flout by a complete, sudden return to the old system. On any rational view of the Indian problem, self-government should be much more highly developed at its base before quasi-Parliamentary institutions are imposed on it. But the Indian intellectuals take very little interest in the sober business of local administration, and delight in the forms and dialectical opportunities of Parliamentary life. One of the fundamental errors of 1919 was confusing self-government with the particular variety of it best known to the British people, and, the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme being scrapped without further delay, an attempt might now be made to secure Indian influence on policy through Indian Ministers without the transfer of departments on the pretence that such influence is democratic. Provincial autonomy, within certain limits, must come, but ought to be accompanied by, if not preceded by, some alteration in the boundaries of provinces, with a view to producing smaller autonomous units. Beyond that lies the question whether, with the decrease of British direction, India, a Continent more various than that of Europe, and unified politically only by British power, ought not to be allowed to fall into several groups of provinces. That it can be kept indefinitely together when that which cemented it is withdrawn is an assumption without any excuse.

THE OUTBREAK IN BULGARIA

BULGARIA met the disaster of 1918-1919 with a remarkable fortitude and breadth of spirit. The Peasant Prime Minister, Stambulisky, refused utterly to give ear to any suggestion of planning a war-like revenge upon the country's victorious enemies. He stood squarely for a policy of reconciliation and recognition of realities. Subjected to the pressure of a good deal of misplaced truculence from Belgrade, bitterly assailed by the military and ultra-patriotic sections in his own country, he never let his policy deflect for a moment from the pacific course which he had initiated. It would be foolish to make of this burly peasant an ideal figure; the fact remains that he followed a far more enlightened foreign policy than any of his contemporaries in the other capitals of Central and Southern Europe. A Slav peasant, he cherished the ideal of a United South Slavia in which the kindred peoples of Serbia, Croatia, Macedonia, and Bulgaria should bury their differences in the expectation of a common future. He was a representative of the country, understanding and caring little for the activities and needs of the towns. Finance, industry, the cultural aspirations of the Balkan bourgeoisie were matters of no concern to him. To the peoples of Bulgar race domiciled outside the frontiers of Bulgaria he gave indications of sympathy, coupled with intimations that they need expect nothing from him in the way of encouragement in military adventures.

Thus did Stambulisky unite against him generals, super-patriots, professors, and bankers. At the

same time he united behind him the peasantry of the country, for whose exclusive benefit he conducted its affairs. A dictatorship of the agricultural proletariat? No doubt. Still it must be remembered that this proletariat numbered 90 per cent. of Bulgaria's 4½ million inhabitants. He showed leanings towards Moscow perhaps. But there seems no evidence whatever to show that he saw in the leaders of Russia anything but the momentary representatives of the overwhelming majority of Slav peasants like to himself in language, religion, customs, and aspirations. That he was a Communist, or meant in any way to allow Bulgaria to become the centre of a Communist agitation in Europe, there is no proof whatsoever.

Stambulsky's rule was terminated by the revolution of 1923, brought about by all the urban, trading, and military elements exasperated by the rural tyranny of Stambulsky and his Agrarians. The new régime began its course with the murder of Stambulsky ("shot while attempting to escape") upon its conscience. In a revolt which occurred a few months later it is believed that 8,000 peasants met their deaths. There is no reason to suppose that Professor Zaukoff and his friends are deficient in honest and patriotic intentions. But there is every reason to suppose that their tenure of office has signified an accretion of power, if not of prosperity, for the urban classes as against the peasantry. That a very large section of the peasantry still cherishes the memory of Stambulsky and regards the existing régime as an Urban Tyranny seems indisputable. That the inevitable Balkan "firmness" against overt and covert supporters of the former régime shown by the present Government, has greatly inflamed resentment against it seems no less certain. In its quite justifiable determination to deal severely with the authors of the hideous Cathedral crime the Sofia Government seem to be making little distinction between Communists, Agrarians, or other opponents of its own rule. It is our own opinion that before affording too much unconditional support to Professor Zaukoff in his struggle against "The Red Hand" foreign powers ought to pause and inquire upon what basis of popular consent the Professor's authority reposes, and whether a broadening of that basis ought not to precede the granting of substantial or moral aid to him.

A political atrocity, equally remarkable for the callous savagery of the plan and for the dreadful success of its execution, has just fastened the eyes of Europe upon the affairs of the Kingdom of Bulgaria. Members of the Communist Party are believed to be responsible for the hideous occurrence; and there can be no doubt whatever that the fanatics of Moscow will exploit its consequences to the uttermost of their ability. The whole dreadful affair requires none the less a more ample explanation than mere reference (with appropriate shudders) to the Red Hand of Moscow. The counsels of Moscow have no doubt sharpened the irritation which has found expression in one of the most devilish political crimes the world has seen: but they could not alone have availed to set up that irritation. Let us attempt to consider the Bulgarian atrocity from the point of view of that country's recent history and present

international position. We shall perhaps reach the conclusion that even if Moscow had been blotted off the face of the earth some years ago, last week's news from Sofia would not be entirely surprising.

From 1912 to 1918 Bulgaria was engaged in almost continuous warfare. The net result of that warfare was sheer loss. With her Allies, Greece and Serbia, she emerged indeed victorious from the first struggle with Turkey. But within a very few months the glories of the first Balkan War were blotted out by the defeat suffered in the second. The second Balkan War arose out of a dispute over the spoils of the first. That Bulgaria acted rashly and stupidly in attacking her previous Allies on this score cannot possibly be denied. Yet remember that she fought because she saw the promised spoils of victory slipping from her grasp. The understanding, preliminary to the first war, had been that Serbia should penetrate to the Adriatic Coast while the bulk of Macedonia should fall to Bulgaria. The insistence of Austria upon the creation of an independent Albania balked Serbia of this purpose, and suggested to her that she must seek consolation at the expense of Bulgaria. Greece, glad to extend her gains by the same method, was quite ready to join with Serbia, and hence it came about that in 1913 Bulgaria, for some decades previously the most prosperous and powerful of Balkan States, found herself defeated and humiliated by a Balkan combination. The bulk of Macedonia, inhabited by Slav tribes of a racial colour somewhere betwixt Serb and Bulgar, but in the opinion of most experts a good deal nearer Bulgar than Serb, passed under the dominion of Belgrade. Other coveted areas went to Greece: while Rumania, by a rear attack upon the hard-pressed Bulgarian Kingdom, extended her rule over a rich slice of Bulgarian territory—without at the same time in any way enhancing her international repute.

After a few months the Great War broke out. The potential value of Bulgaria to the Central Powers was very great, for it provided a bridge between the Empires of Vienna and Constantinople. The Bulgars were smarting under the indignities inflicted upon them by the despised Serbs. It was a light matter for the Central Powers to entice Bulgaria into their system with promises of a rectification of the abhorred territorial settlement of 1913. It was far less easy for the Allied Powers to offer Bulgaria compensation at the expense of their own Serbian ally. It has often been maintained that a more agile diplomacy could have kept Bulgaria neutral. At all events the efforts made were unavailing, and Bulgaria's entry into the war as an ally of Germany, Austria, and Turkey, prolonged it in all likelihood by a good many months. The sole result from Bulgaria's viewpoint was another defeat and greater losses. While Belgrade extended her domain over Montenegro, Bosnia, Croatia, and the Hungarian Banat, while Bucarest won Transylvania and Bessarabia, while Athens enjoyed the brief glory of titular supremacy throughout Thrace and in the most prosperous quarter of Asia Minor, Sofia was condemned to the bitterness of further disappointments, deprived of all coastline on the Ægean Sea by a truly mischievous settlement, and saddled with a substantial debt on account of Reparations.

MEN AND MACHINERY

THE Luddites, with a certain amount of horse sense, made it their business to smash to fragments as many new-fangled machines as they could lay their hands upon. The machines had hardly been invented and brought into use when a great number of men found themselves thrown out of work. The machines certainly did the work of more than one man. If in point of fact it was Napoleon and not the inventor who was responsible for their distress, these resentful half-starved peasantry can hardly be blamed for not having understood it. At the time of the Industrial Revolution they were undoubtedly wrong. Outside markets were almost unlimited and the machines had the effect not of diminishing the amount of employment but of increasing it. If in the hard hearts of these early industrialists there was any intention of cutting down the wages bill, it was soon forgotten in the wave of prosperity which followed.

But the peasant who had been content enough, as a rule, to recognize the upper classes as superior beings, and not to grudge them their position, was very far from acquiescing in a system by which anyone with money was admitted to the same privileges. The careers of industrialists who began in the lower middle classes and ended almost within the aristocracy opened their eyes, and democratic feeling, accompanied by demands for higher wages, set them on the track of that higher standard of living which they have been pursuing ever since. Wages, which were once a comparatively small item in the cost of production, have in consequence steadily increased. Strong trade unions maintain them at the highest practicable level, and workmen not only claim more money but do less work for it, as a result of "canny" and shorter hours.

These considerations persuade the employer to introduce machines designed to take the place of men. The "Underground" seems to provide the best example of this new policy of substituting iron serfs, which never strike and are always on duty, for employees of flesh and blood. Automatic machines restrict the necessity for booking-clerks; doors which close automatically eliminate porters, unattended escalators take the place of attended lifts; the signalling and working of the trains becomes increasingly automatic. The ideal seems to be a railway which will work itself with as little supervision as possible. Machines which do the work of twenty-five typists and a device for working telephone exchanges automatically are inventions of the same kind now widely advertised. This last is frankly described as a "Robot," and is claimed to be much more efficient than an operator and capable of doing any amount of work simultaneously. Probably it is, but what becomes of the operator? Some allowance must be made for extra employment being afforded by the manufacture and maintenance of the machines, but even if that balances the further unemployment caused by the disuse of the despised human operator's customary tools and apparatus it is unlikely to do much more. A large number, moreover, of these new machines are imported directly from America.

The ethics of supplanting men by machinery, inevitably a most debatable subject, are at the pre-

sent time complicated by the burden of unemployment. The cost of production is too high to be permanently tolerable. A rising standard of living makes any substantial reduction in the national wages bill as impracticable as it is morally undesirable. The other costs can only be reduced by a considerable outlay on more up-to-date plant, which British employers generally cannot afford, or an elaborate pooling of resources such as the Germans have effected, with which they will not be bothered. Therefore they take the line of least resistance and attempt to reduce the number of employees. They are not altogether to be blamed for it—costs must be cut down somehow if industry is to survive. But inevitably the wholesale introduction of labour-saving machines must increase unemployment, at any rate for a time. To increase unemployment is to increase taxation, and as a consequence to increase the costs of production in one way by reducing them in another. And every increase in unemployment is an increase in the chances, if not of actual revolution, at least of serious trouble. The last state is worse than the first. That, at least, is as it seems on the surface. The question deserves more attention from leading business men than it seems to have received. We have grown used to expecting the repeated miracle of employment keeping pace with an increasing population, and now that the miracle has abruptly ceased to be dispensed we are uncertain how far the denial will be extended. Labour-saving machines are in theory excellent, but if they have the effect of throwing yet more people out of work in Britain the victims may be tempted to take the law into their own hands and busy themselves again with the long-forgotten hammer of Ned Ludd.

THE PAINLEVÉ GOVERNMENT

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

PERSONALLY, M. Painlevé is an attractive man. He seems much younger than his sixty-two years, and there is in his face a sort of innocence which adds to his general youthfulness. There is something appealing in his unfailing courtesy and a touch of pathos in his cordiality. Few men of his fame can approach a stranger and give him at once the impression that they want to please and even serve him, immediately creating thereby a corresponding anxiety to be useful in return. There is no doubt that M. Painlevé's manner is more magnetic than the rather heavy familiarity of M. Herriot, emphasized rather than relieved by unexpected outbursts of grandiloquence. M. Herriot is eminently a politician, which M. Painlevé is not. Yet M. Painlevé has been immersed in politics for years and, since the General Election which brought his party back to power, made him President of the Chamber, and very nearly made him President of the Republic, he has been in the thickest of the political fray. Former Presidents of the Chamber, from Gambetta to Deschanel, used to do their best to cause the assembly to forget their personal *nuance*, but M. Painlevé has refused to do so. The Radical confabulations which resulted in the summary ejection of M. Millerand from the Elysée, took place in his apart-

ment at the Palais Bourbon, and hardly a week has passed without some event showing his impassioned interest in Radical politics. But it is the interest of the enthusiast more than the interest of the politician proper.

Yet, it is this constant participation of M. Painlevé in M. Herriot's campaigns which places him in a quandary. The vote of the Senate which finished the ministerial existence of M. Herriot had an unmistakable significance embodied in the motion on which the division took place. Union and interior concord were its watchwords, that is to say, an entirely new departure from the line followed by M. Herriot. A new alignment was so definitely pointed out in that dramatic sitting that M. Painlevé himself declined M. Doumergue's first invitation to him to form the Cabinet with the plea that he was *trop à gauche* for the situation. Yet here he is in office and the situation apparently has not changed. The logical way out of the contest between the Chamber and Senate should have been the accession to office of M. François Marsal, who had just defeated M. Herriot, ultimately followed by a dissolution of the Chamber which the Socialist leaders fully expected. Instead of that we see a Radical Cabinet presided over by a man who, as a politician, has constantly deepened the red of his ticket.

There is no doubt that M. Painlevé will often find himself confronted by problems arising from the discrepancy between his individual position and the attitude forced upon the Senate by the conservative currents visible in the country. But there is no doubt either that the colour of the new Cabinet is only apparently lent to it by its chief. M. Painlevé is too much of an idealist, he is too often the typical absent-minded scientist to force his personality on public attention beside that of men like de Monzie, and especially Briand and Caillaux. It is a fact that compared with Herriot, compared even with Painlevé the man, the Painlevé Cabinet is *à droite*. The main points emphasized in the Ministerial Declaration were Security and Finance. But everybody knows that the really vital issues, those through which the whole political outlook is sure to be coloured, are the Embassy to the Vatican and the Capital Levy. The position of the driving force in the Chamber, i.e., the Socialist Party, on these two points could not be clearer than it is. Now, not only M. de Monzie and M. Briand, but even M. Caillaux (see the secret document entitled *Le Rubicon* found in the famous Florence safe) are in favour of the Embassy, the maintaining of which is now certain.

The position taken by M. Caillaux over the Capital Levy is no less certain. He does not want it. He has never been in favour of this measure, and he now realizes too well that the country, as a whole, is against it to change his mind under the influence of M. Blum. So, the political problem with which we are ultimately confronted is this: will M. Léon Blum and his 105 Socialist followers discontinue their allegiance to the Government because their financial views on a 10 per cent. nationalization of all properties are disregarded, or have they become sufficiently used to their "policy of support" to hesitate before giving it up, especially on the eve of the Municipal Elections? The whole future of the Cabinet hangs on this one possibility.

BETTER BEHAVED PARENTS

By EDITH SHACKLETON

THE holidays recede, leaving their impressions and theories of the present day representatives of the "darling young," who are reviewed more critically and nervously than ever children were before, and there are lamentations and alarms as to the effect on character of the fashion of small and over-considered families. The effect, that is, on the singletons, the pairs, and trios who occupy the nurseries and schoolrooms of the moment. It is being generally overlooked that the alarms have their compensations. The treatment of the lonely children may seem deplorable, especially to their numerous aunts and uncles who have no children at all, but it must be admitted that the parents of the immediate future will be the best brought up in the world's history.

There is no doubt that nineteenth-century parents were faulty and ill-trained. They had barbaric notions of despotism over their teeming nurseries. They had the funny notion that their children belonged to them as much as did sideboards and carpets, and they took unfailing filial affection as a matter of course. Fathers might be blustering or facetious, mothers inaccurate and melancholy. No matter, adoration was their right and they got it—or they got its semblance, which does very well for most of us. They were, in fact, spoiled, being in those days comparatively rare. Standing out as they did among the crowds of children, they appeared as the unusual and precious specimens of humanity. It was but natural that they should be petted, given their own way, allowed to develop bad social habits. Nowadays the position is reversed. Parents form the mass. It is they who are the commonplace objects. The child finds itself the rarity and so will become dominant in turn.

During the last century children had not the leisure in which to attend to the social graces of their parents. Life was always strenuous, and often positively hectic, in the sort of family that was long enough to make a cricket team, or two glee parties, or a pair of Red Indian tribes in constant warfare, to say nothing of a few secret societies. There was little time for outside matters when a child's own quarters were so thickly populated that they might call for a special postal service and a weekly magazine, and required much self-administration in matters of local justice and precedence. It is not surprising that parents were neglected and allowed to behave pretty much as they liked. When a mother wore foolish or dowdy clothes and repeated the same anecdote twice a week, when a father persistently sat on the newspapers until he had read them all himself—well, what of it? Parents were few, and so one could put up with their whims and follies. Parents of the long family, moreover, were not likely to be lifelong companions and neighbours to any one son and daughter as they are to an only child. The long family scattered, in obedience to economic law and in agreement with Mrs. Heman's most admired poem, and the companionship and entertainment of parents was undertaken by various members in turn or delegated to the still plenteous grandchildren.

The parents themselves had been heavily weighted into position for so long by their nurseries that they had acquired social roots and local standing. They were not extremely movable like the very slightly parental men and women of to-day, who tend to follow their only child about instead of themselves remaining as the centre of the family orbit. Does young Peter get an engineering job in the tropic wilds? His sprightly, loose-ended mother will kilt her skirts and be off with him like the heroine of a ballad. Does young Joan go off to China with a doctor husband? Then her father (for what should keep his nose to the grindstone?) will turn up next summer on a visit. Obviously these ever-present parents must be made to behave themselves. It stands to reason that children must now take the problems arising from the glut of parents firmly in hand if they are to save themselves from overwhelming and almost lifelong tyranny.

Holiday observation leads one to the cheering belief that the younger children of to-day will be well able to shoulder their heavy responsibilities towards their numerous parents. "You used to make a noise like that," I heard a father in a holiday train say with the intention of embarrassing his nine-year-old son when a baby was heard to yell from the next compartment. The boy, who had been putting up an intelligent effect of being at least twelve to his fellow passengers, was a kind-hearted creature, and I thought for a moment that he was going to let the parental rudeness pass in the old indulgent way. But he was not one of your unconscientious children who litter the world with facetious, exasperating fathers and mothers. A firmness came into his face, and he retorted with authoritative calm: "And so did you, I suppose." The parent created no further annoyance throughout the journey.

Only gradually will the full significance of this educational movement on the part of children be appreciated. There are those who laud the crowded, hilarious nurseries of the mid-Victorian period without realizing that it was they, with their inevitable petting of parents, which led to the Club Bore, the Dear Old Lady, the Benevolent Old Gentleman, and other woolly-minded, anti-social characters, out of which black and white artists used to make their livings. Black and white artists alone will mourn these figures in the days to come when they have been eliminated by the dominant singular child with a sense of public duty. There is not, as yet, a Children's Educational Union on the lines of the parents' existing league, but something of the kind may arise.

Parents, it must be admitted, are eagerly accepting such discipline as their children at present exact, and show a pathetic eagerness to keep abreast of the times. At a luncheon to meet a schoolboy on his way through London to a country home over which he rules alone I could but be moved by the well-meant mistakes of his adoring mother, painfully conscious of his criticism on this first meeting since the Christmas holidays. She had one of those rather faded gentle faces which call for lavender and black lace, but in her desperate attempts to be a "pal" to her boy had dressed in abrupt hen-coloured tweeds. Her voice was loud, her conversation determinedly breezy,

running to attempts to suggest complete knowledge of sporting events and musical comedies and anecdotes against the local rector. The boy was patient. Hearts are soft at the very beginning of holidays. But behind his endurance of his mother's slight imitation of another schoolboy I could see a growing resolve. It may be that when he comes home again in July, if her deportment is no less absurd, he will consider it his duty to talk to his mother briefly and firmly thus: "Darling, you mustn't think I am unkind or angry, but you know all this breezy stuff is just a little brainless. A chap doesn't want his mother to be just like the other chaps at school. It's more of a change if she is like a lady. And you know, darling, it's all right for me to make jokes against the rector, but it isn't quite the thing for you. You would see all this so clearly if you were as young as I am."

At least, I rather hope he will.

MUSIC

PATCHWORK OPERA

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

THE PERFECT FOOL' was, in the Pellisierian sense, a potted opera; Mr. Holst's latest work, 'At the Boar's Head,' which was given its first London performance by the British National Opera Company at Golder's Green on Monday, is in the nature of a patchwork quilt. One rarely sees them in these days of smart self-coloured satins, those gay agglomerations of odd leavings from silk dresses and damask gowns patiently sewn together by women whose place was in the home. It is curious how the bright snippets casually juxtaposed take on a pattern, blend harmoniously and become a satisfying whole. There is more art about Mr. Holst's patchwork, though it usually fulfils the condition of concealing itself. The folk-tunes he has used generally fit the words and convey their meaning with extraordinary felicity. Moreover, the carpentry and joinery, the fitting together of the tunes and their anticipation in little suggestive phrases, has been done with great skill. Had he not revealed his sources, or did we not recognize individuals among them, Mr. Holst might have deceived us into the belief that he had invented the very melodies for Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet and the rest of this rapsallion crew. How admirable is the solemn mockery of 'Step and Fetch Her,' which accompanies Falstaff's speech: "Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time"! And the hostess's long speech has a tune which runs round after its own tail like her words with their recurring "said he." This, by the way, was sung very ill and without the air of spontaneous gabble, so that it missed fire.

And so did the whole work. For cleverness will not make up for the want of the right spirit, and this music seemed to me altogether too thin, too lymphatic. With an air of naughty bravado, Mr. Holst uses all Shakespeare's whoreson words, but his handling of them is so primly nice and refined, as if he had put on kid gloves before per-

forming the unpleasant operation of setting them. There is nothing wrong with the tunes, which are of as rich a colour as the grog-blossoms on Bardolph's jolly red nose. The fault lies in the texture of the music, which is about as heady as war-time "bitter." Perhaps something of the failure is due to the timorous performance by some of the characters. But I am sure both Mr. Norman Allin, who bore the whole thing on his vast corpulence and was nothing lacking in fat humour, and Miss Constance Willis, as Doll, got everything across the footlights that was able to make that difficult journey. This is a prime argument for those who hold that the handling of it by the composer matters far more than the actual material used. For here is everything but the atmosphere of a tavern in Tudor or, if you will, in Henry IV's London. The most significant failure is one of Mr. Holst's own tunes, that to which Prince Hal sings the two sonnets, and the *ensemble* which follows it. The tune is an imitation of Dowland's manner near enough to be recognizable as such, but so vastly inferior to the real thing as to be not worth the doing. The quintet, partly owing to poor performance, was the most unmusical piece of caterwauling I have heard for a long time.

So, having journeyed to Golder's Green in order to see this new work, I remained to enjoy Puccini's 'Gianni Schicchi.' Hearing it again, I felt more than ever that the late composer was a comic genius *manqué*. There are passages in 'Madam Butterfly' and in 'La Bohème' with which this argument could be supported, especially the music of Cio-Cio-San's relations which is wittier than anything Sullivan ever wrote. Unfortunately, operatic fashion in Italy led him to spend his genius upon concoctions of blood and treacle which make one sick, even while one admires his dexterity in theatrical technique. But in 'Gianni Schicchi' admiration is tempered with no reservations. We can laugh at the slushy tunes in such circumstances, and I am sure that they are conscious parodies of the composer's own style. The final love-duet is, taken this way, as delicious to the sophisticated ear as it is to the groundlings who gulp it down in good faith. But the real merit of the piece lies in its wit, which is at once full-blooded and never misses its point. The effects are achieved with an amazing simplicity, as when the monotonous wailing-theme of Buoso's bereaved relations, in itself a marvellous invention, is speeded up to more than double its pace, when the frantic search for the will begins. And what could be more simple or more effective than the five-finger exercise in C major, which introduces the lawyer and his two clerks? There is possibly less ingenuity in Puccini's work than in Holst's, if you come to examine the details of its making. But the Italian knew well enough that in the theatre you must aim surely and hit hard. The result is that 'Gianni Schicchi' cannot fail of success with the audience, even when the performance is not of the best. And last Monday's performance was no more vigorous than that of Holst's work, a fact which supports my view that the latter's weakness is inherent and not due to mishandling. For while it was, with exceptional moments, dull, 'Gianni Schicchi' was a delight from first bar to last.

THE THEATRE

SUPER-MAN AND SUB-WOMAN

Cæsar and Cleopatra. By G. Bernard Shaw. The Kingsway Theatre.

MR. SHAW'S Anglo-Egyptian comedy has not been seen in England since the war. No doubt its Sphinx and its Pharos terrified the touring manager, who has no desire to carry the gorgeous cast from Wakefield to Wigan on a Sunday. Moreover, last memories were of a statuesque Egypt, wherein Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson moved, a silvery Cæsar, on a journey that was also a farewell. The play seemed difficult, cumbrous, costly. But Mr. Barry Jackson, of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, appears to live on a diet of difficulties and gobble up a dozen such challenges for his breakfast. The producer of 'Back to Methuselah,' had nothing to fear from Alexandrine sea-scapes and a moonlit Sphinx. So he has taken the Kingsway Theatre as an additional London end for his excellent activities and shown that he can be bounded in a nutshell of a stage and count himself a king of infinite space, since he has good designers. Mr. Paul Shelving's simple clothes and curtains suggest Egypt with gay, imaginative touches and, because there are no pyramids to be built, the play runs on at excellent speed with only a single interval. This is obviously the way to do things and Shavian paradox is never swamped in a producer's panorama.

'Cæsar and Cleopatra' is early Shaw, for it was written in 1898, and the later Shaw has restated much of its contents more cogently. The whole thing is theory-ridden in a way that 'Saint Joan' is not. It is too blatantly a weapon in the Shavian struggle against the romantic-erotic stage. Now that the popular mode is for the cynical-erotic, it all seems a trifle unnecessary. The original notion was to take a familiar love-story and scour it clean of the rosy raptures which Mr. Shaw so cordially detested. In order to provide a play for Puritans, the dramatist makes Cleopatra a schoolgirl and Cæsar a benevolent, avuncular, sexless intruder, whose object in dallying by the Nile might have been no other than to take the little pet off the matron's hands and give her an afternoon of ice-creams in a café. Mommsen went lightly with the Egyptian affair because he could allow no flaw in his "perfect and entire man." Mr. Shaw goes lightly because he is angry with human frailty and takes the extremely short way with romantic passion of pretending that it does not exist.

The plain truth seems to be that the world's potential master was madly infatuated with the Egyptian girl and risked his mastery for the sake of her very bright eyes. What a subject for drama! Mr. Shaw will have none of it. Nor would Shakespeare, who preferred to write about Antony the failure, knowing, perhaps, that he had already done none too well with Cæsar, the success. Therein lies the great difference between Shaw and Shakespeare. The former, being a sociologist, is profoundly interested in the political Colossus, whereas the latter, being a poet with a particular genius for the articulation of introspective pessimism, was plainly bored with Cæsar and

attracted by the talkative, theorising Brutus and the sensual blunderer, Antony. All the talk about Shakespeare's snobbishness, based on his jests at mob-rule, is reduced to nothing by Cleopatra's outburst, "'Tis paltry to be Cæsar," and her sweeping equalitarian explanation that, since no man is Fortune, we are all in the like and humble status of Fortune's knaves. Shaw harps on the futility of anarchy, Shakespeare on the futility of crowns. And the result is that Shakespeare failed with Cæsar, the strong man who could stoop to drabbing and rise again to imperial destinies, and succeeded mightily with Antony who lost all for love. Mr. Shaw, on the other hand, bolts from the spectacle of Antony, reduces Cleopatra to the level of a troublesome miss, and expends all his powers to make Cæsar a perfect Foreign Secretary, Chief of the General Staff, and Minister of Health rolled into one.

Yet even Mr. Shaw's white heat of fury against romanticism cannot blaze for ever. If he purifies his super-man of sentiment about sex, he cannot purify him of sentiment altogether. Cæsar's theory of punishment (repeated, if I remember rightly, by Mr. Shaw in other places) is purely romantic. He argues that an angry blow is better than a punishment planned. This sounds attractive only so long as one does not trouble to think about it. A moment's reflection will show that the pardon given to instinctive hitting out is also a sentence of death on any kind of legal ordering of society. The machinery of organized punishment is loathsome enough, but it is a very minor evil compared to the riot of indiscriminate swiping which is the inevitable result of the sentimental ethics which Mr. Shaw attributes to Cæsar. Does anybody who has lived under law, however imperfect, wish to exchange his condition for a state in which Fascists and Communists indulge in what Cæsar calls "natural slaying"? I fancy not. We are not all so sentimental as this Shavian Cæsar.

None the less, we must take our Roman as the Irishman sees him and admit that he is a character born of affection and admiration and so never a bore. Against this super-man, superbly as well as wittily created, is set Cleopatra, a sub-woman in character as in age, and I suggest that Cleopatra is one of Mr. Shaw's definite failures. Miss Gwen Frangcon-Davies twittered and frolicked through the minx's part with an exquisite grace and there could have been no more delightful preacher on the text "all loving mere folly." But she could not persuade me that the text has much sense in it or that a flighty little chit makes good company for three hours. The best company in this play is the Shavian butt, Britannus, that dyed-in-the-woad Victorian, and Mr. Shaw himself whose voice is constantly audible above the flourishes and alarums of the Egyptian front. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke's Cæsar was a trifle wooden and inflexible, but the part is immensely difficult and offers no such easy triumphs as Mr. Scott Sunderland and Mr. George Hayes scored as the pompous Briton and the rapturous æsthete. Mr. Ayliffe's production is a model of speed and deft contrivance.

Readers who experience any difficulty or delay in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW regularly are asked to communicate immediately with the Publisher, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

ART

SOME UNKNOWN ARTISTS

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

THE first rung of the ladder of fame, it is a truism to repeat, is the most difficult to mount. For years the young artist may exhibit in the company of distinguished names, and he is overlooked or judged by standards that are unjust to his immaturity. The present exhibition of the work of unknown and less known artists at the Goupil Gallery, 5 Regent Street, is an attempt to remedy this injustice, and to put the first rung under the feet of young painters. Whether they can stand firmly on it or not is their business: the gallery can be satisfied that it has given them an excellent chance.

Here are no established reputations to command our attention; no hooks on which we may immediately hang our prejudices. We go full of the enthusiasm of discovery; unfortunately, there is not much to discover. The pre-eminent quality of the exhibition is mediocrity: in an exhibition of young people it should be almost anything else. We run our eyes along the walls eager for some new revelation, and, not finding it, we either lapse into boredom, or the somewhat tiresome game of spotting influences, for which we have considerable scope. Here we see Paul Nash served up second-hand; there Gertler; somewhere else inevitably Cézanne. It is not until we penetrate upstairs that we are at last confronted with something vividly attractive, the sculpture of Mr. Maurice Lambert. In some of his heads, notably No. 268, and in the large lead figure, Mr. Lambert infuses his material with a wizardry and charm which, although perhaps a little sensual in appeal, is never in danger of prettiness. This is not the monumental quality which some critics chose to regard as the sole quality proper to sculpture; it is a new but perfectly sculpturesque treatment of a faun-like mood, little seen out of painting. We are perhaps reminded of that doubtfully authentic, but not the less fascinating, 'St. John the Baptist,' by Michelangelo, at Berlin. Mr. Lambert is by no means, even, I feel sure, potentially, a Michelangelo, but he has brought to sculpture something of that evanescence of mood which the Renaissance master did not think unsculpturesque despite the Greeks.

Our general disappointment with the paintings is relieved on closer examination by certain attractive compositions, such as the still lifes of Mr. Bernard Casson, Mr. C. A. Morris, and Mr. Gerald Ososky, by the sound painting of Mr. Murray, by the brooding storm mood of Mr. L. S. Edmond's rather Nash-like 'St. Ives,' and by the rapid certainty of Mr. M. K. Rowles's two little studies.

At the Little Art Rooms, Duke Street, Adelphi, is an exhibition of water-colours and woodcuts by Mr. Herbert Gurschner, another unknown. Mr. Gurschner's immaturity is patent, but in certain water-colours that have succeeded, such, for example, as the 'Canale Grande, Venice,' or the 'Venice from the Lagoons,' he displays an exquisite feeling for colour and for values. There is a most satisfactory spaciousness in these two small works, arrived at by the accuracy of his



Dramatis Personæ. No. 148.

By 'Quiz.'

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

values, which he fails to obtain when he uses the more obvious methods of perspective drawing. Many of the woodcuts are restless, and, although individual figures are well characterized and the colour is gay, they lose their effect by failing to "come together." 'The Procession' is the most satisfactory. Mr. Gurschner is an artist who stimulates our interest, and who may well develop an art of peculiar subtlety of perception combined with directness of statement.

Mr. Claude Flight, whose work is on exhibition at the Mayor Gallery, 18 Cork Street, Old Bond Street, is certainly not unknown to the regular gallery visitor. I recognize one or two of these pictures as having been shown with the 'Seven and Five Society' some time ago. Let us rank him as a less-known. Mr. Flight has, unhappily, found a formula for expressing the sensation of movement. Once done, it is done for ever. More solid work of the type of his 'Brixham, Devon,' would widen Mr. Flight's own reactions to visible things, and he shows a competence and sincerity which suggest that, freed of his eccentricity, he might soar triumphantly out of the less-known.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday.*

"DECADENT" PLAYS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The actor-manager, the actor, the manager, and the playwright have all written to the newspapers to explain just how they were shocked, pained, and hurt by the so-called "decadent" play, or just how they were not shocked, pained, and so on. Their views are definitely tiresome, but if they must write why this nonsense? Why not frankly confess their aim to be a popular entertainment—the popularity of which would mean a financial success? Why prevaricate about ideals? Why mention "thick ears"? And why apologize for wearing your tongue in your cheek? It appears that tongues that are lodged in the cheek for too long a spell become wedged there.

To those who are writing in this helter-skelter fashion the theatre is nothing more than a commercial venture, so why not say so? 'Our Betters,' 'The Vortex,' and 'Spring Cleaning' have been their material, and the fact that they always club these three plays together as if they were made of the same stuff makes me feel more than a little sorry for Mr. Somerset Maugham. 'Our Betters' was such a good play, workmanlike and well-finished; and then the author has the faculty of writing good English as well as the happy knack of being amusing. Here was no clumsy manœuvring such as one comes across in 'The Vortex.'

Mr. Noel Coward's work fluctuates. He has many gifts, and it is to be hoped that he will develop one of them. I suspect him of attempting to be too many-sided. He dances, sings, composes, acts, and probably does his playwrighting while he shaves or takes his bath. He is certainly to be felicitated upon remaining indefinitely in his twenty-fourth year. Mr. Frederick Lonsdale is to be congratulated upon finding the

public's pulse, and for confessing that he likes money and the winter in the South of France.

Now comes another point. Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Frederick Lonsdale have labelled their foolish folk "London Society." That is not fair. Upper Tooting, Croydon, Wimbledon, and Richmond have all visited St. Martin's and the Royalty to see what all the fuss was about. "Oh, aren't they a wicked scream," they said, with an uncertain giggle. I think Society has the right to claim damages. However, I must congratulate the authors upon pulling Upper Tooting's leg. Society may be silly—but it is not so silly as their ridiculous plays.

I am, etc.,

X. L.

Tittenhurst, Sunninghill

TOWN PLANNING IN RURAL ENGLAND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The letter under this heading printed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of April 18, is one that might well describe the conditions existing here, where this last extrusive effort of the builders is profaning the face of the countryside in a ruthless fashion.

Everywhere the builder is setting a mercenary foot upon the ubiquitous allotment gardens, and the "allottee," on his part, is turning to the ancient pastures which march with his garden fence; while, worse still, pretentious and sporadic little villas are springing up along once beautiful roads for miles around; and every day one may look for a new attack on the hawthorn hedges and a felling of the wayside trees in their prime.

In the roadside fences bounding an estate of immemorial integrity, appear many clearly-lettered notice-boards declaring that the present owners (an industrial society) offer the eligible land for sale in plots to suit purchasers. And all the time the slum regions are allowed to remain intact and land on the outskirts of the city is left unused.

I am, etc.,

E. ST. GEORGE BETTS

Mill Hill Lane, Leicester

THE BERESFORD HOPE BOOK

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—My father, Mr. Beresford Hope, was well known to be the kindest and most generous of fathers, and the statements about his character recently made in the SATURDAY REVIEW, by "A. A. B.," are so distorted as scarcely to require refutation. It is especially amazing to find a trivial incident which has always been regarded as a family joke, made the foundation of a serious charge against my father of callousness towards the wife he adored. My sister, Lady Ulleswater, fully endorses all I say. We are the only children now alive of Mr. Beresford Hope.

I am, etc.,

ETHELDREDA TUCKER

5 Hill Street, S.W.7

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

EXHIBITIONS

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB (Spring Gardens Gallery, Trafalgar Square, S.W.). Exhibition for 1925. On Saturday, April 25, and subsequently.

THE FRENCH GALLERY (120 Pall Mall, S.W.) Pictures and Drawings by British and Foreign Artists.

THEATRES, ETC.

ALDWYCH THEATRE. Interlude Players in 'The Passionate Adventure.' On Sunday, April 26.

Q THEATRE. 'Magic Hours.' On Monday, April 27.

MOTHERCRAFT TRAINING SOCIETY. Madame Arna Henri will give a Recitation from 'Peer Gynt,' at 130 Piccadilly, on Tuesday, April 28, at 2.30. Tickets from Mrs. Denman, 43 Ovington Square, S.W.

OPERA

LIVERPOOL. Stanford's 'The Travelling Companion.' On Thursday, April 30.

NEW FICTION

BY GERALD GOULD

Caravan: The Assembled Tales of John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

The George and the Crown. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE are some books for which one feels gratitude, and 'Caravan' is one of them. To have all the short—and long-short—stories written by Mr. Galsworthy "between the years 1900 and 1923 inclusive," and to have them in one volume, uniform with 'The Forsyte Saga,' at the price of an ordinary novel, is so pleasant that only a barbarian could feel anything but grateful, and only a critic could be moved to criticize. Let me begin, then, by praise. All of this big book makes good reading, and in one or two places we touch the very heights of Mr. Galsworthy's achievement. I am inclined to think that 'A Stoic,' which is really a short novel rather than a long short story, is the best single piece of work that its author has ever done; and that is saying a lot. It paints with perfect economy an entirely unforgettable picture. It is conceived in that view of slight but deadly irony which is Mr. Galsworthy's best critical and creative method (he never deviates from it, whether towards a more openly ironic method or towards sentiment, without losing infinitely more than he gains). The very title is a masterpiece. For this stoic is a scoundrel, and the essence of stoicism is the belief that virtue is the only good: the logic of stoicism requires a disregard of the flesh-pots, and this stoic is cradled among capons and lapped in alcohol—and yet he remains a stoic. There is something grand, prodigious, in his endurance, even though it be entirely selfish: his very meals have an epic quality. "Eighty! Half-paralyzed, over head and ears in debt, having gone the pace all his life. . . ." And that last dinner—though eaten in solitude, yet fit to rank with the great feasts of literature, the slaughter of bees and the pouring of libations! There is a cult of worldly knowledge among young writers now: they display a most impressive acquaintance with the wine-list and the menu: but none of them can do it with that air of unostentatious thoroughness which distinguishes Mr. Galsworthy. Those oysters—"Not quite what they used to be at Pimm's in the best days, but not bad, not bad!" the champagne, Perrier Jouet—"I frapped it the least bit, sir": a touch of the old sherry with the soup—"no one drank sherry nowadays, hadn't the constitution for it": the St. Germain—"It wouldn't be first-rate, at this time of year—should be made with little young home-grown peas": then fish: the second glass of champagne with the sweetbread—"Always the best, that second glass—the stomach well warmed, and the palate not yet dulled": "he had an appetite now, and finished the three cutlets, and all the sauce and spinach": so on to the *soufflé*, "flipped down with the old sherry" ("he had been faithful to his principles," finished the bottle of champagne before touching the sweet): with the savoury, port—"the 'sixty-eight": leaving only, to wind up with, the old brandy. And it killed him. "And a very good death, too—none better," he himself philosophized in anticipation. Disgusting? Indubitably. But if what is disgusting in fact did not take on the beauty of significance in art, we should not have the tragedies of Shakespeare. When Mr. Galsworthy goes direct for beauty, and tries to write romantically, he is much less successful. Take the wooing in another long story, 'The Apple-Tree':

How long they stood there without speaking he knew not. The stream went on chattering, the owls hooting, the moon kept stealing up and growing whiter; the blossom all round them and above brightened in suspense of living beauty. Their

lips had sought each other's, and they did not speak. The moment speech began all would be unreal! Spring has no speech, nothing but rustling and whispering. Spring has so much more than speech in its unfolding flowers and leaves, and the coursing of its streams, and in its sweet restless seeking!

Good, careful writing, of course; but utterly devoid, it seems to me, of the true lyric rapture. Turn for contrast to the last story of all, where we find the glory of manhood shining amid the dreariest technicalities of betting!

The least satisfactory part of the collection is, as it should be, the preface. It throws scorn on those who follow fashion in short story-writing, and aim at "pep" and "sting in the tail": it preaches that we should fulfil ourselves (which we know): it assures us that "Independence is the state best worth having in life." But it also, more interestingly, points out that the author's later years have been more prolific than his earlier; and, by calling attention to the arrangement of the stories in pairs by dates, enables us to judge for ourselves that the later years have seen not only fuller, but higher, achievement.

Although Miss Kaye-Smith always writes well, it must be permitted to her admirers to wonder whether she is not writing too much. Her last novel was constructed to a pattern, and the new one is even more formal and much less moving. The *George* and the *Crown* are rival and opposite "pubs"—the *George* rather ramshackle and disreputable, the *Crown* successful and genteel. Dan, the second son (so to say) of the former, is bosom-friend of Ernley, son of the latter: Dan is good, faithful, simple; Ernley passionate and selfish and romantic. They love the same girl: Dan with a yearning and protective devotion, Ernley wildly and miserably. In accordance with the best convention, Ernley gets her. Dan goes off to Sark, and marries at random, to discover that, for people of his type (does so simple a type really exist?) marriage brings its own passion and its own content. His wife dies, and Dan returns to Sussex, to find that Ernley and his wife are not getting on well together. The latter turns to Dan for consolation, and he nearly falls, but realizes that it is his duty not to wreck a marriage—marriage being, according to his own discovery, so much more important than any excitement outside it. He says:

"I could love any good woman that was my wife. I'm sorry, Belle. I know it doesn't sound very good, but it's the way I'm made. It means that I'll always be happier than you, but not so interesting."

What a way to talk! Did ever a human being at a moment of emotional crisis speculate, in words, whether he was "interesting"? Nor is the narrative, apart from dialogue, impeccable. It creaks and groans in such a passage as this:

He could have married Belle if only James Munk had died a little earlier, or if only she had been patient a little longer. He had always meant to marry her some day, either when he had found a job or his father had relented. Belle had told herself—and, unfortunately, him—that if he really loved her he would not wait, but would marry her at once, and they would face poverty together. He had assured her in return that he did love her, but that for her own sake as well as his he would not marry her without maintenance or independence.

Of course, it would be possible to quote hundreds of passages less awkward; and it may seem unfair to concentrate on the lapses. But the point is that one is not dealing with a new writer: intellectual integrity, the sensitive understanding and able delineation of types and places, a high level of expression—all these, from Miss Kaye-Smith, are matters of course, and it would be in the strict sense impertinent to praise them. What one asks oneself is: How does this novel stand, not as against a general mediocrity, but as against the splendid best of Miss Kaye-Smith's own previous achievement? And, by that standard, although it has many and obvious merits, it is something of a disappointment.

REVIEWS

A JOURNALIST'S REFLECTIONS

The Public Life. By J. A. Spender. Two Vols. Cassell. 30s. net.

AS age is reckoned nowadays, Mr. Spender is by no means an old man. We trust that he has many years of useful activity before him, for even those who usually disagree with his opinions will admit that his work adds a dignity and a distinction to the profession of journalism which the reading world would be sensibly impoverished by losing. It is necessary to give the reader of his new book this warning, for it takes us back into what seems to be a quite remote age—the age of the great Galdstonian battles, when Joseph Chamberlain was still suspected of not being quite sound about the Empire, and Lord Randolph Churchill was raising the occupation of premier-baiting from a sport to an art.

Mr. Spender has utilized the unwonted leisure that has come his way lately to look back over the forty years of Parliamentary life which he has watched from the side scenes, and to give us a number of vivid, and even brilliant, sketches of our leading statesmen, with his reflections on their work and on the changes that have taken place in public life since he first began to observe it scientifically. Perhaps the impression of the writer's seniority is enhanced by the fact that Mr. Spender judges of public affairs from the detached and philosophic standpoint which is often associated with advanced years. But he has always done that; he is justly entitled to say of the political world:

I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee—
Nor coined my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them.

Yet withal he has succeeded in avoiding the petulance or misanthropy which are too often mistaken for independence. His criticism is genial as well as witty. What could be happier than the way in which he puts his finger on the reason why Mr. Lloyd George's obtrusive Welshness has sometimes been a disadvantage to his popularity? "To the Englishman all bilingual peoples seem to lead a double life. They are perpetually escaping out of a world in which they can be tracked and verified into a world where thought and speech go underground." Nor would it be easy to characterize half-a-dozen speakers in as many lines so well as Mr. Spender has hit off the Irish members of the 'eighties: "Parnell, with his withering defiance and icy effectiveness, as un-Celtic, according to popular notions, as a man could be; Healy, with his biting epigrams uttering words like scorching lava; Redmond, the noble Roman, with his classical eloquence; Sexton of the clear-cut phrase and flowing peroration; "T. P.," with his unfailing vivacity, good humour, and inexhaustible store of things that interest and arrest." Excellent, again, is Mr. Spender's description of Gladstone's code about disclosures which were permissible and those which were not. "If he wrote a letter with no mark on it, the recipient of it might presume that it was intended for publication. If it was marked 'private' it might be shown to any one, but not published; if it was marked 'confidential' it might be shown to colleagues and not withheld from wives; if it was marked 'secret,' it was not to be shown to wives." Occasionally Mr. Spender's humour leads him a little astray from the path of hard facts. When he imagines that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would be "quite ruined if he were caught on Newmarket Heath in company with a duchess or a bookmaker and

presented in that guise to the readers of the *Daily Herald* the next morning," we can only wonder if Mr. Spender really does not know why the working classes buy evening papers.

Perhaps the best and most thoughtful chapters in Mr. Spender's book are those four included under the general heading of 'The Press and the Public Life.' Great changes have taken place in the spirit and methods of English journalism within the forty years of Mr. Spender's literary career, and he discourses on these and their meaning with great earnestness and insight. One of the most amusing of the personal reminiscences with which these pages are illuminated describes how the author, in his early days, shared a room in the office of a certain London newspaper with a famous sporting tipster, who was constantly urging him to drop leader-writing and come over to the department with which the real future of popular journalism must lie—the art of spotting winners. Mr. Spender, while apparently not regretting his own decision, admits that there was a good deal in the advice. The most remarkable development in our newspapers—with a very few exceptions—has been on that side. "The Press has become a most efficient organizer of popular entertainment of all kinds, and especially of games and the gambling that goes with them. The devices it has brought into its service for the single purpose of enabling the result of a horse-race to be known in all parts of the country within two minutes of its being declared on the course (and all over the Empire within ten minutes more) are a miracle of scientific ingenuity."

Mr. Spender is very happy in his remarks on the tendency of the early years of this century to "brighten" the newspapers—some of which died in the process, like the wretched child that a Renaissance Cardinal gilded all over to adorn a supper party. "What is brightness to the readers of the largest circulations is as often as not dreariness and boredom to the readers of serious journals. . . . The solemn newspaper trying to be sprightly presents the same sort of appearance to the public as a bishop at a fancy dress ball or an elderly lady trying to look twenty." Mr. Spender incidentally hits off the ultimate secret of Lord Northcliffe's success by saying that he always seemed to know what the public were just going to want, while others were left vainly guessing. "Nature had made him as sensitive as a seismometer, not only to the earthquakes of the popular mind, but to all the premonitory symptoms—the little mutterings and tremblings, the disturbances far out at sea, the sounds inaudible to normal ears—which told that something was coming."

The chapter on "the making of opinion" is well worth reading. In it Mr. Spender makes some weighty observations on the dangers which might arise if the chief newspaper proprietors, instead of being harmlessly employed in the chase for circulation, were to devote themselves in earnest to forming an injurious public opinion on some matter of vital moment. "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that about six proprietors and a score of writers and editors between them make the entire opinion of the Metropolitan Press that counts." This, we suppose, is one of the remarks which the publishers expect to "cause a fluttering in the Fleet Street dovecots." Perhaps they are mistaken; the dovecots are not so easily affected by anything that "highbrows" choose to say. Perhaps, also, the danger is not, in fact, so great as it seems. The innate good sense of the British public would probably play the devil with any attempt of the kind sometimes suggested by alarmists. When there was a craze as to the possibility of getting assassinations carried out by means of hypnotism, it was rightly observed that a hypnotic subject who would readily stab a doctor with a paper-knife would almost certainly not officiate with a real dagger.

TIME'S WINGED CHARIOT

The Tyranny of Time. By H. Nordmann.
Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

M. NORDMANN, who is astronomer to the Observatory in Paris, gives an exposition in popular language of the problem of time. The book is divisible into two parts. The first, comprising five chapters, is concerned with the history of the measurement of time. The second, of two chapters, introduces the reader to the controversy that has arisen between M. Einstein, the creator of the Relativity Theory in its published form, and M. Bergson, with whose philosophy the view of time implied in this theory is, superficially at least, quite incompatible.

In the introduction, M. Nordmann tells us that he was prompted to write this book which is the third of a series of semi-popular works on kindred subjects, by realizing that "Modern Society is a prey to two equally strong yet contradictory passions. The first urges us to live and enjoy. . . . The second makes us dispute and doubt." The antithesis between these two views he aptly sums up to the formulas "Time is money" and "Does time exist?" These two ideas express a quandary that must be felt by all who are involved in the diversities and stresses of urban life to-day, and who are capable now and then of detaching themselves from their pre-occupations and asking themselves what it all really means, and where it leads to.

The first part of the book is written in an airy vein. "Hypotheses," says the author, "are to men of science what promises are to a politician. They are useful and convenient to him who makes them so long as he does not attach too much importance to them, but makes use of them, and forgets them as the occasion requires."

The difficulties experienced in the past in reaching a satisfactory system of dividing the seasons, in drawing up a calendar that would remain consistent with the lapse of long periods of time, are lightly reviewed. As he proceeds, M. Nordmann warns to his work. In an interesting chapter he demonstrates the connexion between the time of the clock, to the tyranny of which the whole machinery of modern industrialism and the lives of all concerned therein are subject, and the movements of the stars in the heavens—in the last resort our master clocks. Unexpectedly he lifts us out of our little grooves. Momentarily he succeeds in making us feel of what small significance are we and our little personal worries in the unthinkable distances of space. Some of us may be grateful to him for this; others who feel contented with themselves and the lives they lead, sheltered and secure, may be made to feel a trifle uncomfortable. Lastly, the most modern devices for the accurate measurement of time, and the importance thereof in navigation, are described. Ninety feet below the floor of the Paris Observatory there are kept four clocks that work in unison, at a temperature that never varies whatever the season, in hermetically sealed chambers, where a constant pressure reigns. No one goes near these clocks for fear of disturbing them. "They are wound up electrically at a distance, and electrically they transmit to the other clocks of the Observatory and to the world at large, by the magic of wireless signalling, the time which they guard as a precious treasure." After four years one of the clocks was found to have maintained perfect accuracy up to two hundredths of a second, as measured by sidereal time.

In the second and shorter part of the book the mathematician acquainted with the literature of the Relativity Theory will be disappointed. The exposition of the theory given is so elementary that it is questionable if, from it, the uninitiated reader for whom it is written would appreciate the full scope of the revolutionary departure from accepted modes of thought that the theory has imposed. In untechnical

language, and entirely without mathematical symbols, the author presents a reconstruction of a simple illustration used by M. Einstein in his popular book, which M. Bergson has made the basis of his criticism. Briefly, M. Nordmann's position is this. Though a follower of M. Einstein, he admits the validity of this criticism advanced by M. Bergson on the grounds that M. Einstein has failed as a popularizer of his own theory. M. Nordmann slightly modifies the illustration in question in such a way that while retaining its point, it escapes, he claims, the criticisms propounded against it. Whether, however, M. Bergson would concur with this view, and acknowledge himself henceforth reconciled to M. Einstein, remains, to put it mildly, doubtful.

But M. Nordmann's book has the advantage over others on the same topic of being wholly intelligible to the least informed of readers. All will gain from the second part a gleaming, if not a full comprehension, of what the Relativity Theory is about. And from the first part most people will obtain both diversion and that rather valuable kind of information which enables one to feel a little more interested in, and appreciative of, things one has hitherto taken too readily for granted.

A NOBLE STATESMAN

Lord John Manners and His Friends. By Charles Whibley. Two Vols. Blackwood. 30s. net.

M. R. WHIBLEY has applied his well-known skill in literary portraiture to a very respectable purpose in giving us this admirable presentment of the seventh Duke of Rutland. There are few more engaging or more noble figures in the political history of the nineteenth century than that of Lord John Manners—to use the name under which he earned his reputation,

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and which Mr. Whibley has rightly retained upon his title-page. Epitaph-writers are not upon oath, as Dr. Johnson once observed, but no lapidary inscription was ever more completely veracious than that on the monument in Bottesford Church, which says of the late Duke that "to a grave piety and singular probity he added the virtues of modesty, candour, and sincerity." It was not so much intellect as the gift of character, as Mr. Whibley justly remarks, which gave Lord John Manners the place he held for so long in the councils of the nation. "It has been said that in him character amounted to genius, which is no more than the truth." This biography is a skilful fantasia upon that theme. In addition to drawing a full-length portrait of his attractive hero, Mr. Whibley has sketched many elegant vignettes of his chief friends—notably of George Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford, and Augustus Stafford O'Brien. We may also call attention to the depiction of the Grant brothers, those philanthropic Manchester manufacturers whom Dickens, with a brush coarser than that of nature, brought on his melodramatic stage as the Cheerybles. Mr. Whibley's account of the once-famous "Young England" school of politicians revives almost forgotten memories of 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil'; it is interesting to note his statement that George Smythe sat to Disraeli for the portrait of Waldershare, as well as for those of Coningsby himself and of Fakredean. With reference to the notorious couplet which was the sharpest thorn in Lord John Manners's official cushions all through his life, Mr. Whibley makes out a good case for the explanation of "nobility," not as the peerage—which it is usually taken to mean—but "the nobility of man, the nobility of character." Evidently that is the meaning which the author's friends put on it, but the world thought otherwise, and in view of the further quotation appended to it by the late G. W. E. Russell, one cannot be greatly surprised. When a new edition is called for, the Greek misprint on p. 88 of Vol. II should be corrected.

A POLITICIAN'S REMINISCENCES

Memories. By Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen. Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

THE publication of a volume of memories by one who is still, as politicians go, comparatively young suggests that he may have arrived at his anecdotalage prematurely. Yet there is one advantage: the period—more than thirty years—over which his recollections spread is sufficiently recent to be of real interest to the reader of to-day. From the long-fought struggle over the Gladstone Home Rule Bill to the crash of the Coalition after the war, with an interval of some four years, Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen was in Parliament, and during most of that period, as private secretary and later as Parliamentary secretary, in close touch with leading men of his time. A man of very definite opinions, and not always popular opinions, he is always ready to see and value the abilities of those who disagree with him, and appreciates the sincerity of his bitterest opponents. If a lively sense of humour occasionally betrays him into phrases which might be called indiscreet, there is no poison in the stab. The passing gibe is rendered innocuous by the hearty spirit of friendliness, even towards those whose opinions he thoroughly detests.

His earlier memories of the House include the days when that "dreadful old obstructionist" (as Labouchère called him), Gladstone, insisted on making long speeches on multitudinous amendments to the Home Rule Bill. Brought up as he had been to hate the G.O.M., he confesses his great charm, and realizes how completely he towered above the heads of his followers. We are treated to personal descriptions of those with whom Sir Arthur was brought into contact, which shows his keen observation. The picture

of "Black Michael," whose private secretary he was, is a clear one: he was, he remarks, "after Chamberlain and Balfour by far the biggest figure on our front bench," and stands out as a powerful, but human personality. We are introduced to a member "with an engaging manner and Welsh accent, and a gift of imagery which, though exceedingly picturesque, did not always conduce to strict accuracy." In a later chapter we find an elaborate study of the strength and weakness of this "little Welshman" as Prime Minister in the time of the Coalition. Criticism is not sparing, but the positive powers of this ex-leader are made evident, and also to some extent the spell he cast over many of those who worked with him.

For over ten years Sir Arthur represented a Black Country constituency; a strange place, perhaps, for one bred as a Welsh country gentleman. At first it was obviously somewhat of a shock, but at the end of the connexion he can say: "I loved the affectionate and enthusiastic people, and in spite of its ugly features I loved the country, too."

An ardent Tariff Reformer, he has much to say of Joseph Chamberlain, with whom he was associated in that crusade. In after years we find him interested in housing problems and in opposition to John Burns, "one of the most honest politicians who ever entered the House." Misery proverbially leads to strange bed-fellows, and so does war. We find the Tory M.P. working at the Ministry of Pensions under George Barnes and John Hodge. For the abilities of the former he had a great admiration. The latter he evidently liked, honouring his powers even while poking good-humoured fun at his weaknesses. A retrospective chapter rapidly reviews the outstanding personalities of the various parties of the time; though all will not agree with his judgments, they are never unkindly and their sincerity is manifest.

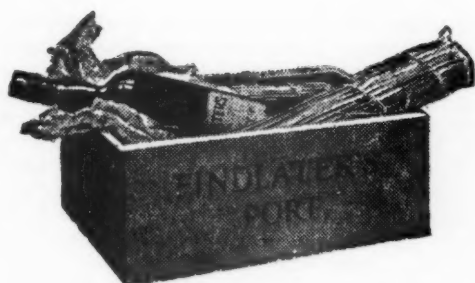
"TINO"

A King's Private Letters. Nash and Grayson. 10s. 6d. net.

TO preserve neutrality—of a sort—throughout the recent European war was no easy task for a Balkan ruler. The late King Constantine of Greece was the only one who achieved it, and his reward was at first much obloquy and finally a forced abdication. His memory should be rehabilitated in the minds of many English readers by a candid perusal of the slim volume in which a selection from his personal letters has been published by Princess Paola of Saxe-Weimar, who was "on terms of great friendship" with him for the last twelve years of his life. Admiral Mark Kerr, who probably saw more of Constantine during the Great War than any other living Englishman, contributes a brief preface, in which he claims that "the only three people who were entitled to give an opinion on King Constantine's policy" from the Allied standpoint were the British Admiral, the British Military Attaché, and Lord Kitchener. "All these three experts commended the policy of King Constantine as the only one that was favourable to the Allies. The British Government chose to accept the advice of the civilians, and consequently the experts were not listened to. If they had been, the Great War would probably have come to an end two years sooner than it did." Even if we cannot agree with his conclusion, we may accept Admiral Kerr's premisses and follow him in doing justice to "a fine figure of a man, a kindly gentleman, and a King who always placed his country and his people before himself, and whose word was his bond." The letters now published mostly relate to the two Balkan wars of 1912-13, when the Crown Prince, after having been the best-hated man in Greece in a previous decade, became the national hero

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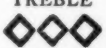


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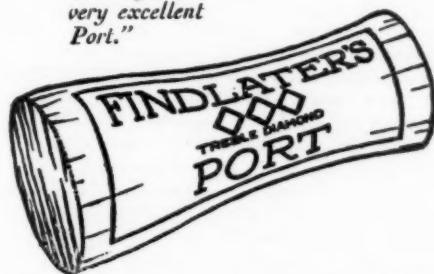
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and ascended the throne in a blaze of glory. Perhaps neither extreme of fortune was altogether deserved. His letters are written with unreserve, and give a vivid picture of successful warfare from the highest standpoint.

SHORTER NOTICES

Guns, Gunners and Others. By Sir Desmond O'Callaghan. Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.

GUNNER, horseman, actor, and fisherman, Sir Desmond O'Callaghan has been successful in getting a great deal out of life. His duties have taken him over a considerable part of the world, and he has not been slow to take advantage of this. Not that this is a thrilling story of military achievement in the field. A *fortune de guerre*, which he laments, prevented him from seeing actual fighting. As an expert of the "Experimental Branch" of the Artillery most of his service was rendered at Shoeburyness, or in connexion with the various authorities of the Ordnance Department.

A mission on behalf of the artillery authorities took him with a companion to Roumania to study experiments with turrets (cupolas), a form of fortification at that time strongly advocated. The journey across Europe to Bucharest forty years ago was not without its "discrepancies." Their technical duties concluded, the two decided (by no means in accord with the wishes of the authorities at home) to get to their next destination by way of Sofia and Constantinople, studying the battlefield of Plevna on their journey. The war between Bulgaria and Serbia (1885-6) was only just over, so this afforded the opportunity of seeing new battlefields. Fortunately they were warmly welcomed in Bulgaria, and as nothing succeeds like success, found approval instead of wrath awaiting them on their return. The Artillery Command at Malta was his last active appointment, and is interesting as bringing him into close contact with Lord Fisher and Lord Charles Beresford, both then with the Mediterranean Fleet.

Boswell's Note-book, 1776-1777. Milford. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.

HERE is a very interesting little book, a reprint of notes made by Boswell, and afterwards used for his great book. Publication is due to Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, who possesses the only survivor of the note-books. They were not preserved by Boswell's executors, as he wished. For convenience of reference the actual text of the biography is printed opposite the notes. The facsimile on the frontispiece shows additions at the side. Boswell's zeal and accuracy are well-known and clearly indicated here. They represent an ideal little cultivated to-day. He took, however, occasionally the liberty to "Johnsonize" with his material, as Mr. Chapman points out in his preface. He was an artist, and no one was better acquainted with Johnson's style of talking. The notes tell us much of Johnson's early days, including his "sliding upon the ice in Christ Church meadow" with the eagerness of Mr. Pickwick. The sage's irritation at this sneaking journalist hanging on his lightest word reduced, we know, his pleasure in Boswell's company, but the result was a masterpiece singularly rich in detail. Modern biographies are apt to be long and empty. We remember our disappointment over Jowett's, which did little justice to his talk.

Socialism: and the Historic Function of Liberalism. By Harold Langshaw. Palmer. 6s. net.

TO convert the troublesome remnants of the Liberal Party into confirmed Socialists is admittedly the object of this book. Mr. Langshaw proves, or makes a gallant attempt to prove, that the real Liberal Party

at present is not that still wrongfully so-called, but the Labour-Socialist Party. "The progress of human society from savagery to civilization is the manifest work of Liberalism"—that is a refrain repeated two or three times a page to make quite sure of it. And in the Introduction Mr. C. Trevelyan confesses that "I have not been required to shed anything of my Liberalism, except the party name, in joining the Labour Party"—a rather extraordinary admission for an ex-Cabinet Minister.

Like so many of the works of young Socialists, the book contains an expressed intelligent appreciation of the uglinesses and slaveries of the present day, with which we can fully agree, but is content with the merest allusions to the all-important question of how a better world can be attained. That is a characteristic of present-day Socialism. One may grant the excellence of its ideals, but the average Socialist leader's ignorance of the rudiments of economics is a much greater danger than the extremist forms of Communism. He will unknowingly condemn millions of people to death from famine with the best intentions in the world.

The Chartist Movement. By Mark Hovell. New Edition. Longmans. 6s. net.

ALREADY, upon its first appearance seven years ago, we have expressed our great satisfaction with the late Lieutenant Hovell's history of Chartism. It is doubtful whether even the shattering economic effects of the war will ultimately prove such a hard blow to the living kernel of England as the slaying or embitterment of the cream of their generation: the men who like Hovell had sufficient balance and vision to have been able to combat the present sterile despairing materialism. Professor Tout has accomplished the delicate task of completion and revision exceedingly well.



The dainty salt
for a dainty
table.

Cerebos
SALT

Stormie the Dog Stealer. By Robert F. Schulkers. Appleton. 6s. net.

ONE is almost set against this book by a rather pretentious puff, in which it is suggested that there is a kinship between the hero and Huckleberry Finn. There is consequently a temptation to say that it is like Mark Twain with the humour left out. The earlier chapters, quite good, wholesome stuff in their way, exhibit an amount of sameness which is likely to bore the reader, and the flashes of real humour are all too few. In the last few chapters the book brightens up and it is possible to get up a mild sort of excitement. The story would have been more impressive had it been shorter. The end—the parting of Hawkins and Hornie—is a real tragedy and told with commendable brevity.

An Old Man's Jottings. By Joseph Rickaby. S. J. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

THESE brief notes on many subjects show that their author has not yet reached that stage of old age at which he claims that the soul "drops contentious matters." Many of them will set the reader thinking hard, and though at first he may entirely disagree with them, he will generally admit that at least they are worthy of consideration. Of course the book will appeal most strongly to those who can agree with its author that Catholicism "is the one true religion, and it is an obligatory religion." But these pages contain much that will be helpful and suggestive to earnest readers of all shades of religious belief. We may quote what the author calls "almost the most useful spiritual direction" that he ever received. "Never compare yourself with other people; for either you think yourself better, and then you are vain; or you think yourself worse, and then you are discouraged."

Reminiscences of Kenwood and the Northern Heights. By Sir Arthur Crosfield. Country Life, Ltd. 5s. net.

MODESTY, perhaps, has persuaded Sir Arthur Crosfield to avoid using that pretentious word "history" in his title, but in this slender book there is far more of history, very readably narrated, than of personal recollection.

Thirty-two pages, even in quarto, allow little space for exhaustiveness, but, even so, we should have expected to find rather more about the wood itself, its wild life and the story of its acquisition and perhaps less on the countless celebrities who have visited the northern heights. But many of the stories are new to us and really good, and none could well have been spared. Our only complaint about the book is that there is not more of it. The photographic illustrations are plentiful and exceedingly good.

Employes Representation in Steel Works. By Ben M. Selekman. Russell Sage Foundations: New York. \$1.50.

THE relation between employers and employees in the Minnequa Steel Works of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company at Pueblo, Colorado, in the United States of America (which form the whole subject of this book), are perhaps hardly a matter of general interest to the people of Great Britain. In fact, at the present moment they are less concerned with the problems of American labour than with the problem of the American Debt, their knowledge of which is more unpleasantly intimate.

Nevertheless, for those who take a special interest in co-partnership and "Wage-earners' participation in management," Mr. Selekman's careful and detailed account of its effects in practice in steel-works employing over six thousand men is deserving of attention.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE Columbia Graphophone Company's issue of 300,000 7% Cumulative Preference shares went extremely well. The prospectus contained the statement that applications from shareholders would receive special consideration in allotment. So far so good, but as the lists were only open for five minutes, shareholders, in a large number of cases, found their applications refused. I draw attention to this, at the request of a very indignant shareholder, because it appears to me that shareholders should be given a fair chance to subscribe for any further capital which a company in which they hold shares may require. In this instance there are 400,000 Ordinary shares issued of 10s. each; each shareholder, therefore, could have been given the right to apply for three preference shares for every four ordinary shares held. There were probably good reasons why the directors did not adopt this course, and why they deemed it necessary to pay an underwriting commission of 2½%, but there appears no reason why the lists should not have been kept open long enough to enable genuine shareholders to lodge their applications, even if the lists had to be closed to subscribers not in this category. As a stag takes good care to lodge his application the moment the lists open, and as this issue was freely tipped as a medium by which a premium of 1s. a share could be quickly obtained, it will be interesting to see how the market shapes when dealings start. In the meantime, while commiserating with those shareholders whose special application forms were not accepted, I think these shares are a good investment, of their class, at about par, but hardly worth running after at too high a premium.

MANGANESE

Central Provinces Manganese, a tip to buy which at 6½ was given in these notes on September 13, still progress satisfactorily. Although at the moment there is a profit of nearly £3 a share, I think they should not be sold, for they are an excellent investment. The present price includes the recent dividend and bonus of two new £1 Ordinary shares for every three shares held.

NEWSPAPER SHARES

On March 28 I drew attention to *Daily Mirror* shares and recommended a purchase at 6½. This week they have touched 7½. I still believe that these shares will reach a higher level in the next twelve months, but the present rise is, in my opinion, premature. The shares have become a Stock Exchange tip, and a somewhat unwieldy bull position is being created on the strength of exaggerated estimates. I should not be surprised to see a set back to my original figure of 6½.

GREEK GREEKS

Last January I pointed out that there was a difference of three points between the price of the London portion of the Greek 7% Refugee Loan and the Athens portion of the same loan. To-day there is a difference of 2½; the Athens portion stands at 1½ premium, while the London portion stands at 91½, which is equivalent to a premium of 3½. I still consider this a very good switch for permanent investors, who can make a profit

of 2½% less commission, by selling their holding of the London portion and reinvesting in the Athens portion. The prospectus of the Athens portion, which is identical with the English portion, contained the clause that the Loan would be quoted on the London Stock Exchange one year after issue. It is interesting to note that the English portion was issued at 88% and the Athens portion at 86% unstamped, or at 88% with the English stamp.

AN ATTRACTIVE SPECULATION

The one shilling Ordinary shares of the François Cementation Company, Ltd., can be purchased at 6/7½. I hear that the Company is doing extremely well. The capital is modest, £269,750 divided into 244,750 £1 8% Cum. Pref. shares, and 500,000 1s. Ordinary shares. I consider these Ordinary shares an attractive speculation and I recommend them for a reasonably quick rise.

CROSSE AND BLACKWELL

There has been of late a certain amount of interest in the First Preference shares of Crosse & Blackwell, Ltd. It will be remembered that these shares were written down from £1 to 15s., on the re-organization of the Company's capital in June last, that they become cumulative after December 31, 1926, and further that after the Second Preference have received 10%, and the Ordinary 10%, these First Preference should receive an additional 2½%. The issued capital of the Company consists of:

3,000,000 First Preference shares of 15s. each	...	£2,250,000
1,741,750 Second Preference shares of 4s. each	...	348,350
2,612,640 Ordinary shares of 1s. each	...	130,632

Hopes are entertained that the First Preference shares will receive a dividend in June next. The service for these Preference shares on a 7½% basis will cost £168,750, the 10% on the Second Preference £34,835, and the 10% on the Ordinary £13,063. In view of the progress the Company has made since its last balance sheet, and the economies that have been exercised in its organization, these shares appear an attractive lock-up at the present price of about 12s. Buyers, however, should be prepared to wait, if necessary, twelve months.

MAYPOLE DAIRY

The Maypole Dairy report for the year ending December 27, 1924, shows a decrease in profits, which total £248,341 against £439,794; the Deferred Ordinary shares, which have touched 7s. 3d. this year, are now procurable at about 5s. 7½d. The directors state in the report that trading conditions during the second half of the year under review showed considerable improvement, and that they have every reason to anticipate a return to more normal conditions for the current year. In view of the working agreement between the various Margarine Manufacturing Companies which now exists, I hope that a very different picture will be shown when the next report is issued, and under these circumstances consider these shares a hopeful lock-up at the present price.

ASSURANCE

The Wesleyan & General Assurance Society's eighty-fourth Annual Report for the year ended December 31, 1924, shows a steady increase in business. The assets at the end of the year amounted to £6,224,013 while the income from premiums and interest was £1,856,050.

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THE QUARTERLIES

The *Quarterly* for April gives pride of place to Mr. W. Thompson on 'Shakespeare's Handwriting.' It turns out to be a fresh interpretation of the scribbles on the well-known 'Northumberland Manuscript' over which Baconians and scholars have squabbled for years. Mr. Thompson is evidently not learned in the controversy, and the idea that Shakespeare wrote Bacon's dramatic work is a pleasing contribution to it. Mr. J. P. Collins tries to fix on paper 'The Spirit of London'; he finds it in the Cockney or such a man as Mr. Will Crooks. Prof. Harper directs attention to a side of Coleridge's verse too often overlooked in a study of 'Coleridge's Conversation Poems.' We are, perhaps, rather harsh in the judgment that he was "an inspired idiot," still the phrase includes the two poles of his verse. Mr. A. D. Godley writes on 'The University of Oxford,' a very able summary view of Sir Charles Mallet's recent volumes; and Mr. G. M. Sargeant in 'Classical Myths in the National Gallery' sees the spirit of the Renaissance in the remoulding of classical stories by such painters as Botticelli and Tintoretto.

The *Edinburgh* devotes its first article to the situation in Canada, which seems to be talking secession. A paper on 'Appointments to Country Livings' lays stress on the hardships country parishes sometimes endure from the inefficiency of their clergy, and advocates a right of veto on presentations. Mr. A. W. Tilby discusses the work of Mr. Galsworthy judging him by Balzac. Mr. Sears May writes on Anatole France and thinks his 'Revolt of the Angels' his best work. Mr. Orlo Williams describes 'The Art of Giovanni Verga,' a Sicilian novelist coming into favour among those who are young enough to like the disagreeable in their fiction. Mr. Rutter writes about 'The Revival of Design' without mentioning the similar revival in the "sixties" by Morris, and Mr. Roscoe pays a just tribute to the work of Holdsworth.

The *Criterion* begins with a paper by Prof. Elliot Smith on 'The Glamour of Gold,' putting forward his views on Egypt as a centre of the growth of civilization. Two letters from Lionel Johnson are not only interesting in themselves but as a light on a personality rather clouded at the time they were written. Mr. Aldington has nothing strikingly original to say about Villon; Mr. H. P. Collins is rather good 'On the Classical Principle in Poetry'; and what Mr. S. Benedetto Croce has to say 'On the Nature of Allegory' has to be read. One rather wonders how Mr. Sturge Moore wandered into this field with a poem as clear-cut as a cameo. The miscellaneous section of the review is full of amusing things.

Science Progress, among a number of purely scientific papers, includes one of criticism on the need for research in the Flour-Milling Industry, and a very good account of a neglected chemist—Thomas Beddoes. Mr. G. E. Friend writes 'On Feeding in Public Schools,' and there are good accounts of the late Prof. Livinge and Sir James Mackenzie and a paper on 'The Sun and the Weather.' The editorial notes bear the marked impress of Sir Ronald Ross.

Foreign Affairs is easily the most important study of its subject. Among the papers is one on 'Italy and Fascism' by a former Italian ambassador; The War Loans, by the American financial adviser at the Peace Conference; Foreign Capital in China; a bitter article on 'Worlds of Color' by Mr. Du Bois, an American negro leader; Count Bethlen on Hungary; Senor Calderon on Latin America, and Mr. Seton-Watson on the Sarajevo murder. A map of the new Russian Territorial Divisions is given and a useful bibliography entitled 'Source Material.'

The *Church Quarterly* maintains its high reputation by a first-class number. Dr. Headlam finds time to begin an examination of the problem of 'The Four Gospels' in the light of recent criticism; Mr. Lockton collects the facts as to Christian practice in 'The Age for Confirmation' but does not refer to the vestigial rite of the Orthodox Church; Canon Hunter deals with Mysticism as it affects Morality with a reference to Monasticism; there is an interesting account of the Book of Genesis from the point of view of a Bedouin Sheikh; Canon De Pauley contributes a study of Gnosticism and Clement of Alexandria; Dean Matthews in 'Three Philosophers on Religion' has much that is valuable to say of Bradley, McTaggart and Rashdall, with a special tribute to the latter.

Psyche opens with a severe criticism of the experiments in thought-transference carried out by Prof. Silbert Murray. Its second paper is a lecture by Dr. F. G. Crookshank showing the growing use of psychological methods in general diagnosis of disease. It is a very searching piece of criticism, enlivened by a satiric bent of mind and habit of speech, and contains some sound advice. 'Time, Number, and Measurement' is an application of recent metaphysical ideas on these subjects; and 'Why Time Flies' is another paper dealing with the same subject. 'Religion and Psychology' is an Oxford lecture delivered last term by Dr. Brown, in which he states that psycho-analysis has left him convinced that "religion is the most important thing in life." Mr. Miller gives a scheme for the relationship of the neuroses, and there are several other notes of importance.

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MOTORING

RECORD OF PROGRESS

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

ONE of the motor manufacturing firms that has done much towards gaining world-wide appreciation for British-made cars is the Sunbeam organization at Wolverhampton. It is fitting, therefore, that its history since 1899, when the first Sunbeam car was built under the guidance of the late Mr. John Marston and the late Mr. Thomas Cureton, to the present day should be told and illustrated in a book, entitled 'The History and Development of the Sunbeam Car, 1899-1924.' The book does more than tell the history of one successful British firm: it is a history of automobilism during the past quarter of a century. All those who take an interest in the development of the self-propelled road vehicle will read these pages with pleasure. When one looks at the picture of the first Sunbeam motor-car, with its solid tyres, dog-cart type of coachwork and tiller steering, and compares its tiny engine with that of the modern six-cylinder Sunbeam saloon, one realizes what immense progress has been made. It is astonishing to consider that the gigantic 275 h.p. twelve-cylinder Sunbeam engines fitted to H.M. Airship R.34, which journeyed to and from the U.S.A., are its direct descendants.

Progress in the construction of mechanically propelled road vehicles has necessitated further development of the highways. It has also necessitated better control of the increased traffic. An experiment to this end is now being carried out on one of the main roads of Leicester, where the lighting committee is erecting a spot-lighting apparatus, the light from which will be

projected from a pole 30 ft. high, with the beam focussed on the police constable who regulates the traffic at that point. It is hoped by this means to make his signals clear and unmistakable to drivers and pedestrians. As this installation is the first of its kind in England it will be closely watched by other municipalities in order to see whether this system should be more generally adopted as a means to avoid accidents in congested thoroughfares. The new arterial roads have not been made without danger spots, and a case in point is that of the recently opened Southend road. On this highway two places have already proved that more distinct warnings are needed. One of these dangerous points is at Gallow's Corner, north of Romford, where the new road crosses the main London-Chelmsford road, and the other is at Raleigh Weir, where the new road crosses the old main London-Southend road. The latter is considered to be the more dangerous of the two, as a driver's view of approaching traffic is badly obstructed. At present the Automobile Association have posted their "scouts" there during the day, but there is no one to warn drivers after dusk. Illuminated warning signs are therefore needed at both these cross-ways; the traffic using this new road is large, and accidents have already been recorded.

* * *

Automobile engineers are experimenting with eight-cylinder engines of small dimensions, with the object of substituting this design of power-unit for the present four- or six-cylinder motor. In the early days of the internal combustion engine for road vehicles the technical experts of the period laid down as an axiom that cylinders of less than 90 mm. bore were uneconomical. It is one of the features of present day progress that this view has been entirely discarded,

(Continued on page 448.)

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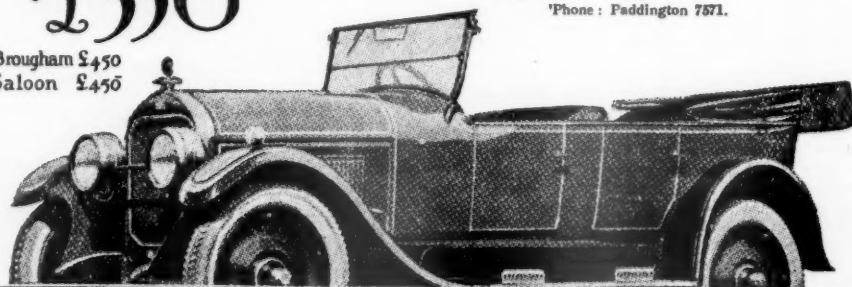
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F.E.S. in "The Autocar" of March 27th, 1925

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* * *

Next week will see the start of the one thousand miles testing run of almost every British make of motor-cycle, under the organization of the Auto-cycle Union body co-ordinated with the Royal Automobile Club. One of the chief objects of this trial is to test these machines in order to get perfect silence in their running. In view of certain criticism about the prevalence of noisy exhausts, it is to be hoped that this trial which starts from Birmingham on Monday, April 27, will be a success. The machines have all to be the ordinary standard stock articles as sold to the public. They will proceed from Birmingham to Scarborough, using the latter town as the headquarters for daily

runs of about 200 miles to various districts in Yorkshire. It will also be a test for tyres, as no replacement of outer covers will be allowed throughout the trial, although inner tubes may be treated with any compounds designed to seal punctures. A brake test will be carried out at the conclusion of the trial, and A.C.U. officials will ride every machine left in, prior to the final examination, to test the controls and gears.

* * *

More attention is being paid to the electric batteries forming part of the lighting and engine starting equipment of motor carriages by owners and drivers to-day than was formerly the case. Perhaps the advent and popularity of wireless sets in their houses, which require similar electricity accumulators, have brought home to motor-users the need for good class batteries in the first instance, and also for paying more attention to them in order to get the best use and value for their outlay. The history of the electrical storage battery is closely associated with the history of the Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., so that the invitation, extended to a large number of motorists, to visit these works recently, at Clifton Junction, near Manchester, to see how the best class of batteries are made, was gladly accepted. When these works were first started in 1893, neither the public nor industry generally was ready for such a means of storing power and light. To-day the motor-car owner is making large and frequent calls upon the battery fitted to the car; he asks it not only to function for ordinary lighting and starting, but also for heating, actuating the motor, lighting his cigars, and for extra lights inside and outside the carriage, in the form of spot lights. It is a pity that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, who have done, and are still doing, excellent work in the standardization of motor components and equipment, do not endeavour to standardize car batteries.

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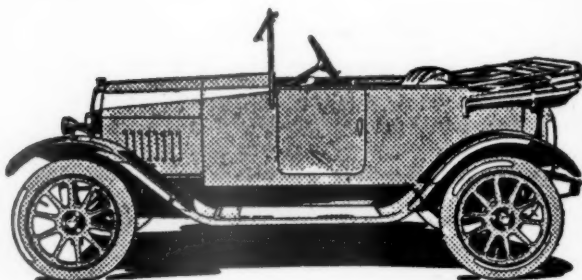
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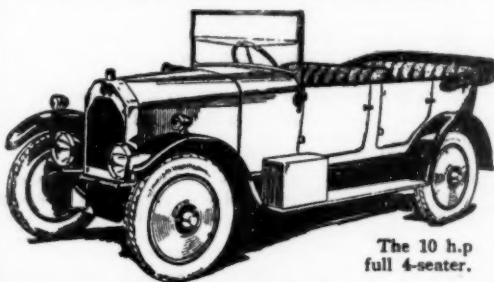
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1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page from time to time.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 164.

A VAST EXPANSE OF WATER THAT YOU'LL QUICKLY CALL TO MIND,
AND A SEA ADJACENT TO IT, WHICH ON THE MAP YOU'LL FIND.

1. Stars are we now, who once were sisters seven.
2. If hell's beneath us, say then, where is heaven?
3. Symbol of plenty, peace, and concord mild.
4. Show here a moiety of Memory's child.
5. Ear-piercing instrument now please curtail.
6. One-half the diet of old Jonah's whale.
7. Him near a Russian river you will find.
8. The conscientious it will surely bind.
9. She wooed a mortal, but could win him not.
10. Fit to be added to the peasant's pot.
11. Swords, pistols, rifles, bayonets and guns.
12. He neither crawls nor hops, but walks or runs.

Solution to Acrostic No. 163.

A	batenen	T	
L	ea	H ¹	
O	utmanœuvr	E	
N	u	F	
Z	oophag	A ²	
O		Ise	
T	empla	R ³	
H	ybr	Id	
E	embal	M	
B	anj	O	
R	esi	Gnation	
A	mphisel	I ⁴	
V	aletudinaria	N	
Ex	communicat	E ⁵	

¹ "Leah was tender eyed, but Rahel was beautiful and faire." The marginal reading is *bleare eyed*, in the Geneva Bible. Gen. xxix. 17, 31.

² Carnivorous animals in general.

³ The Templars wore a white cloak over their armour.

⁴ Dwellers in the torrid zone, whose shadows are cast to the north in one half of the year and to the south in the other.

⁵ The adjective (= excommunicated).

ACROSTIC No. 162.—The winner is the Rev. J. Wallace Kidston, 3 Pembroke Gardens, London, W.8, who has selected as his prize 'Waterside Creatures,' by Frances Pitt, published by Allen & Unwin and reviewed in our columns on April 11. Nineteen other competitors chose this book; eight named 'A Gringo in Mañana Land,' seven 'Empty Chairs,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Carlton.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Sisyphus, Boskerris, Ceyx, C. J. Warden, Old Mancunian, Jeff, J. Doman Turner, Mrs. J. Butler, and St. Ives. All others more.

Lights 1, 3, 5, 11 and 14 proved difficult. For Light 12, Antiscii and Ascii are accepted. For Light 3, Outmanœuvre seems better than Overcome; one may *hope* that an outmanœuvred enemy will be baffled: an enemy overcome is of course baffled. "Hope that is seen is not hope," as St. Paul expresses it. Alonzo may be spelt with an s; therefore Sauria is accepted for Light 5. Of alternatives for Light 14, Execrable and Ebonite are certainly better than Exchange, Elecampane, Evil-eye, Exorcise, Evoc, Entente, Excellence, Eye, Espionage, Earache, Euxine, Exortive, Essence, Excise, Euphrosyne, Episcopate, Eloquence, Eulogise, Eclipse, Evangelise, and Endurance.

BAITHO.—Astrologers thought—and still think—it an easy task to foretell the future. We know that in the age of Cicero, the Augurs did not even believe in their ability to do so.

G. W. MILLER.—Obnoxious has the meaning of: Subject, liable, exposed; as well as its more usual meaning. Lemprière says that Octavia was celebrated for her beauty and virtues. Shakespeare says that her beauty claimed no worse a husband than the best of men.

CEYX.—Your name should have been included.

ACROSTIC No. 160.—Correct: Carrie. One Light wrong: H. C. K. Dixon. Two Lights wrong: Bolo.

SISYPHUS.—The point is that Regulus *begins* to be conspicuous "when winter comes." As thunder follows lightning, it follows that, when it lightens, the hills re-echo the sound. In Acrostics a hint must often suffice.

OAKAPPLE.—Acknowledged April 11.

ACROSTIC No. 161.—Correct: Vron, Still Waters, Ruth Bevan, Merchiston, Boomfa, John Lennie, Oakapple, Dolmar, Peter, Iago, Abercromby, Met. One Light wrong: S. H. Groves, E. G. Horner, Madge, Capt. Wolsley, Boskerris, Sir Douglas Gamble, St. Ives, Carrie, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Cory, F. D. Leeper. Two Lights wrong: Lady Mottram, Beechworth, L. M. Maxwell, Coque, Margaret, Igidie, Dinkle, E. Barrett, F. M. Petty.

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